

Untitled

by Jeremy Garrett

i would be committing
the crime of lying,
if you sat here
with me confiding
such unrighteous truths:
that all I want
isn't found beneath
the cage where your
murmur misbehaves,
but on the outside
where vanity became
tame in the way
i cannot, while this
lustful flame beckons
to singe every hair
from your flesh as it
slowly creeps its way
from your crown
burning all the way down.